

One Shot Compilation

by The Gunning Twin

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Summary: A Collection of plots that will never cross the threshold to full story ideas, primarily because they just have no potential.

1. Chapter 1

****I Killed Them. I Killed Them All.****

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><p>From the Books<p>

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><p>The Death Eater Hermione had just struck dumb made a sudden slashing movement with his wand from which flew a streak of what looked like purple flame. It passed right across Hermione's chest; she gave a tiny "oh!" as though of surprise and then crumpled onto the floor where she lay motionless.<p>

"HERMIONE!"

Harry fell to his knees beside her as Neville crawled rapidly toward her from under the desk, his wand held up in front of him. The Death Eater kicked out hard at Neville's head as he emerged "his foot broke Neville's wand in two and connected with his face" Neville gave a howl of pain and recoiled, clutching his mouth and nose. Harry twisted around, his own wand held high, and saw that the Death Eater had ripped off his mask and was pointing his wand directly at Harry, who recognized the long, pale, twisted face from the Daily Prophet: Antonin Dolohov, the wizard who had murdered the Prewetts. Dolohov grinned. With his free hand, he pointed from the prophecy still clutched in Harry's hand, to himself, then at Hermione.

Though he could no longer speak his meaning could not have been clearer: Give me the prophecy, or you get the same as her. . . .

.

"Like you won't kill us all the moment I hand it over anyway!" said Harry. A whine of panic inside his head was preventing him thinking properly. He had one hand on Hermione's shoulder, which was still warm, yet did not dare look at her properly. _Don't let her be dead, don't let her be dead, it's my fault if she's dead. _ . . .

* * *

><p>End of Matter From the Books<p>

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><p>Hermione's breaths could not be discerned. And in that moment, Harry realised something. He had come to save Sirius. And now he was losing the two people who anchored him to the living. He could not lose Sirius. He most certainly could not lose Hermione. In that moment, he realised that she meant something transcending any definition he could give. She was everything. Life without her in it was unimaginable, unwanted. The realisation changed something inside him. She was not just Hermione Jane Granger, bushy-haired bookworm, best female friend and confidant.<p>

She held his heart. He faintly remembered having heard, "Home is where the heart is." She held his heart. _She was home_.

It also caused an unprecedented effect. It awoke the Power in Harry that his foe knew not.

"Just hold on Hermione. Whatever you choose to do, it will be fine by me. Here or in the Great Beyond, I shall not leave you." His voice was calm and measured. His face was set with a calm smile. "Take care of her, Nev."

Never in his life had Neville known fear as he did when he looked at Harry's eyes as he said those words, and then wonder at the carnage that once was Antonin Dolohov. Harry simply stood and pointed his wand at Dolohov. His magic now responding to the chaos and havoc in his very soul, channelled a spell of such hatred that made the Unforgivables pale in comparison. He first freed Dolohov from the Bell Jar and then cast the curse at him, siphoning off his magic into Hermione. His magic responded to his very need for Dolohov to pay for what he did to Hermione. It was near-miraculous, had the explanation not been magic. In front of his eyes, Neville saw Hermione's injury being healed and watched in awe, as Dolohov was reduced to a bloody gloop, the murderer's magic compensating for what it did to Hermione.

The girl in question nearly vomited as she saw what lay in front of her. She flinched a bit, as Harry strode away to the battle.

"Herbiody!" called Neville. She turned around to her friend and saw his broken nose, deftly healing it.

"What is happening, Neville?" she asked.

"Harry â€" he has gone mental. When Dolohov nearly killed you, Harry â€" I don't know, he changed. He just swore to be with you, wherever you chose to be â€" in life or death, and then he did whatever he did

to that scum and used his magic to heal you."

Hermione's eyes widened at the revelation. "We must help him, he will get killed!" was all she said as she rushed after Harry, Neville following in her wake.

"No," responded Neville, "He will probably want to get killed if he doesn't have confirmation that you are alive."

He was in the hallway that led to the room they had just been in. It was obvious that he had not bothered with duelling them. The masks were off of the three Lestranges faces.

"Oooh lookie here," taunted Harry. "Isn't it so cute that you three found time for a nice little family reunion here, Bella?" He spied Neville. Nodding at him, he said, "This is for your parents, Nev." Seeing Hermione beside him, his smile widened. "Oh, so it did work, then. You are the proud owner of Dolohov's magic too, my dear lady." Pointing his wand at Luna, Ron and Ginny who lay stunned and in relative safety, he ordered, "Take care of them, will you? They were badly injured and in danger. I stunned them and Ron is also under stasis... couldn't heal them." Neville and Hermione could only nod and watch in morbid fascination as Harry turned on the Lestranges and spoke in a very silky yet seemingly non-threatening way. "Now, now, don't you think it will be a better use of your magic if it was used to heal those you hurt? I think it will be. What do you say? Oh, how silly of me, I silenced you, didn't I? Well I'll take your silence for a 'yes', then." He removed the silencing charms, first. He wanted to hear them scream.

The same magic now worked on the three Lestranges. As their unearthly screams filled the halls and rooms, all the duellers stopped to look as Harry once again siphoned off their magic and commanded it to heal those that it had hurt but not killed.

Crabbe, Mulciber, Nott, Malfoy, Jugson, McNair, Rookwood and Gibbon watched in terror at the... whatever it was that their fallen comrades had now become.

"Ah, Lucius, how kind it is of you to join us. Please, sit down." Lucius could barely react before he realised that it was what he was doing. He had nothing below the waist in terms of a body. That was his last coherent thought, as he heard Potter say, "How does it feel knowing that your darling families will now pay for what you did to others'?" He couldn't even scream as the magic left him. He had gone into shock, long before he died.

As one, all the other seven engaged Harry, but the assault did not last for longer than about a spell each, for Sirius, Remus, Kingsley, Tonks and Moody chose the moment to make their appearance. Sirius stunned Jugson from behind, just as Moody blasted Rookwood open, eliciting a smile from Harry, who had just dodged or blocked several dark curses including the Unforgivables. Taking advantage of the situation, he stunned everyone, friend and foe alike. He then revived the OotP members, and bade them stand to the side with his friends. "Now, now, don't you think it was very rude of you to deprive me of the chance to do what I wanted to?" He looked at Sirius specifically, and said, "This used to be Cousin Bellatrix, Sirius. And Moody," he said gazing at the grizzled Auror, "You are standing in what used to be Lucius Malfoy."

Harry achieved something nobody barring a stomach bug (probably) had done before. Moody retched involuntarily.

"Now, you shall see vengeance and punishment." The six remaining living Death Eaters soon turned into the same bloody gloop.

Harry calmly made his way to the entry hall of the Ministry, the others following in his wake, too stunned to speak. "Here Tommy, Tommy, where are you? Where are you boy? Who wants the prophecy? Who's a good little Dark Lord?" The pain in his scar told him where Voldemort stood.

"You seem to have a Death Wish, Potter," the Dork Lord said snidely. The rescue party – both the one for Sirius, and the one from the Order – found themselves agreeing with the sentiment involuntarily.

"Oh yes! Did you see what happened to eleven of your minions? They are dead. Only Mad-Eye prevented me from a clean sweep."

If the snake faced dark lord had eyebrows, they would have risen off his scalp as he saw through the boy's feeble mental shields and realised the carnage he had wreaked. However grudgingly, even he had become impressed. "I promise you that I shall punish him for that transgression after I have dealt with you," he replied evenly.

"Not happening, old chap," Harry said as he raised his wand. "Shall we dance?"

"Of course," Voldemort replied formally and politely. Niceties had to be observed after all.

And so it went – the superior skill, spell-repertoire and trained power of the most feared Dark Lord of the Century pitted against his untrained yet extremely powerful and extremely pissed off nemesis. Voldemort, in accordance of the respect that needed to be accorded to respectable opponents, brought out his very darkest and fastest spells with a flourish. He decided not to insult the boy by using Unforgivables. They were too common, too run-of-the-mill. Harry, knowing that he had nothing to lose, felt his magic, and bade it do what he wanted it to. He couldn't get his magic to overpower Voldemort's, due to the strain on his own waning strength, but got it to hurt Voldemort as severely as possible. It was like watching a clash of Titans. Voldemort lost an eye, while Harry lost his left arm in what was beginning to become the duel everyone would remember. By this time, Fudge, his Aurors and the Chief of the DMLE, all had turned up, only to watch, as had Dumbledore. Unfazed, the two went at each other with all they had.

At the very end, Harry, realising that he would have to fight the battle in the thoughts and mind as well, dodged a curse which would have animated his brain and turned it into a small, carnivorous creature which would eat him from inside. What was the one thing that could cripple a person like nothing else? What could hurt a person more than Death, more than any physical injury? The answer was obvious – something that would be painful to the mind. Voldemort had to feel sorrow. Voldemort had to feel regret. Voldemort needed to be filled with remorse, with self-loathing and disgust at his own actions. That was exactly what he made his magic do. A great light

shot from Harry's wand to Voldemort and engulfed him. The fear on the snake-faced Dark Lord's snaky face was there for all to see.

"What is this, Potter?" he asked shrilly. "What have you done to me?"

"You, Tom Riddle, will feel the pain and sorrow of every soul that you ever hurt. You will regret ever starting out on the path you have walked on thus far. You shall feel remorse over every single one of your actions." The manic smile on the boy's face never left. Of the people around, only Dumbledore recognised what was happening as his eyes widened in surprise, shock and disbelief.

Six streams of greenish-black smoke rushed from across the country into the Dark Lord, including one from his tormentor.

"NOOOOOOOO!" yelled Voldemort as he writhed on the ground. "NOOOO! STOP THIS, PLEASE, STOP IT! I CAN'T BEAR IT ANYMORE, PLEASE, I AM SORRY! I AM SORRY!" It was an odd sight for the people around, including the reporters who had arrived with the Ministry delegation. To see the person who was supposed to be dead grovelling at the feet of his teenaged opponent made a powerful picture. It would also sell well.

"PLEASE POTTER! STOP THIS! I BEG OF YOU, PLEASE!"

"No."

Harry raised his wand once more and did to the now fully mortal dark lord what he did to his minions. The feel of the magic swirling and building up, drawn from Voldemort and all his followers, raced to correct the wrongs it was never meant to cause overwhelmed the onlookers. And just like that, the most feared Dark Lord of the century was dead, once and for all, taking his minions with him.

Turning to Hermione, Harry said with a blank, but cracked expression, "I killed them. I killed them all. I hated them. Every single Death Eater. And their families too, for good measure. But do you know, Hermione, my dearest? It is never enough. And I have to punish them again. I have embraced truth. There is no light or dark; or good and evil. There only is human nature. There is crime and punishment. And I have to punish." Hermione looked at him with anguish and shock, as she saw him turn his wand.

And then, Harry Potter laughed.

2. The worst idea spawned - Assumptions

****Assumptions cause horrendous mistakes****

It was after the trauma of seeing Ron kiss, Lavender that Hermione lost it. They had agreed! They had agreed to be each other's dates! He betrayed her. As she sat stewing in her rage, anger and hurt, she never realised someone draw a chair and sit facing her.

Harry sat straddling a chair, his hands resting on its back and his chin resting on his hands, facing Hermione. He had still never lost the guilt he had been feeling ever since he had seen her hurt at the

Department of Mysteries. He hated himself then for hurting her, just as much as he hated himself for Sirius' death.

Ever since the start of the sixth-year, he had decided that he would willingly submit to whatever punishment Hermione saw fit to give him. So when she started going after Ron as he had expected, he decided it was a part of his punishment. When she started behaving like Aunt Petunia did, over the book, he accepted the punishment. He accepted her distrust. He accepted the fact that she would not even accept Malfoy being a Death Eater, even theoretically. He accepted her hating him as his punishment

For Harry had decided that even the slightest contact that Hermione would keep with him was enough to get him through. He would be happy serving whatever sentence she gave him, as long as she would be happy. She meant everything to him. She was everything to him.

But what he would never accept was Hermione sad. That was real punishment. It hurt and it was worse than the Cruciatus that he had endured from Voldemort. So he went to her. He would let her vent. He would let her go berserk, and hurt him physically too, if she wanted, if it would bring her out of the funk she was in. That said, if she still remained sad, he would go and punish Ron for hurting her. And then he would make the git forget and punish him again. And he would do so repeatedly. But first, he had to be there for her. And he sat there in the classroom, after locking the door.

"Hermione?"

She looked at him with tear-filled eyes that made his blood boil. He would kill Ron for this. He would show everyone why Voldemort respected him as an opponent. But one look deeper into Hermione's eyes made him quail. She looked furious, almost as if his very existence was causing her immense pain and mental trauma.

"He is enjoying the celebrations, doesn't he?" she asked.

"He may be, or he may not. He means nothing to me. You do."

Hermione snorted as more tears made their way down her cheeks. "Funny you should say that. It was after all your implicit suggestion that won him the match, wasn't it?"

"Well, I had hoped that it would make him happy. And I have seen that you seem to at least like him, if not love him yet, so I had hoped you would be happy. As usual, anything I do, anything I touch turns to dust, don't you think?"

"You are such a good friend, aren't you?" Hermione asked snidely, not refusing what he said.

Harry did not react. It was his punishment.

Hermione changed track. "So how goes it with Ginny?"

"How goes what with Ginny?"

"Please Harry; I have seen the way you look at her..."

"Of course I do! You seem to have forgotten that until last year she

had four people to beat back boys if they got too frisky! And mind you, two of them actually had beater bats, so it helped matters. Now she only has one waste of a brother and one sort of brother left in the castle. With Ron proving to be worthless at this big brother job, it falls to me, doesn't it?"

"Big brother?" asked Hermione in confusion. "You don't like Ginny?"

"I like Ginny? I do like her, the same way that Ron or the twins would. While they aren't my family, they are the closest that I have, haven't I?"

"You mean that when you keep staring..."

"Blimey! I don't stare at her! I am really, extremely worried about her escapades. I mean, if she were my sister, I would have dug up a whole so deep that Hagrid and Grawp together would need a year at least to go that deep and bury Dean in it."

Hermione's expression became more confused at that. "I thought you had a crush on her..." Harry's eyes bugged out and he looked distinctly ill and green. Hermione continued nevertheless, "and so you keep staring at her and checking her out..."

She was interrupted by Harry getting violently sick where he had sunk to the floor.

"Harry! What has happened? Are you sick? Do I need to-"

Harry held up a hand to silence her as he felt the dry heaves racking his body. It was another ten minutes before he could clean off the sick and clean his mouth and cast a breath freshening charm. He then fell to his knees in front of Hermione.

"Look Hermione, I know you hate me for everything. I know you hate me for getting you hurt. I know you are punishing me for that. I know that I don't deserve to even be in the presence of a person like you, a person as special as you are. But right now, in a space of fifteen minutes, my punishment has become unbearable. Firstly, I can't see you sad and hurt in any way, and I am witness to that. But then you poisoned my mind with your imagination. Please Hermione, I cannot bear it. Please, please don't expose me to that. I will rather take a vision from Voldemort every waking minute than the terrible mental picture that I got when you said whatever you did."

By now, Hermione's anger and tears had been replaced by frustrated confusion. "What are you talking about? What mental pictures?"

Well, that confirmed to Harry that she did hate him. But she had asked and he was duty bound to answer. "Me crushing after Ginny, or checking her out; it is just so wrong!"

"Why? You two look perfect together! You'd look just like your parents!" she responded.

"GAH!" shouted Harry, theatrically putting his hands on his ears. "I did not hear what she said. I didn't hear what she said. I-"

"HARRY!" she shouted cutting him off. "What are you on about?"

"Hermione! Ginny would never, ever be even remotely someone I'd have a crush on! You answered your own question! We'd look like my mum and dad!"

"So?"

"Hermione, Ginny looks like my mum!" Harry whimpered.

Hermione took one look at the now shuddering Harry, mentally pictured what he had just told her, and then turned quite green herself, before laughing her head off. Harry found solace that she was at least not as sad as she was when he came.

"Yes, go on. Laugh at me, why don't you?"

Hermione couldn't stop laughing long enough to answer. When she did finally, she looked at the now pacing Harry, and promptly burst into laughter again, all thoughts of Ron forgotten. In times of war and fear, a time when her friend was the centre of an intense, violent storm, he was making her laugh about the most Freudian of concepts. When she finally could calm herself, she was still wiping tears of mirth.

"Who do you like then, Harry?" she asked mischievously, all traces of the good cry she had had gone from her demeanour, if not her face.

Harry froze. He knew. He had known since some time of many years gone by that there was a certain girl he liked beyond everyone else. And he had been too scared to tell her that. "There is one," he said, not quite meeting her eyes. Then, in a musing tone, he said, more to himself (though Hermione heard), "I have liked her, respected her for quite some time, probably from the second year, when I thought I'd lost her. I went after another girl to make me stay away from her, because I was scared to lose her if I ever told her what I felt. That; and the fact that I don't truly know what it is that I feel for her, because it is something I had never felt before. I am scared that it might be love, because I lose everyone I love forever. She hates me now, however, and is pining for another guy who has a girlfriend. But that's okay. If he can keep her happy, I'll be happy. I don't deserve her anyway. I have hurt her too many times to count. I suppose the way she behaves with me now is all about punishment; punishment that I deserve. And as far as I am concerned, it will be better that way. I don't expect to survive Voldemort. I will try to take him with me because she deserves to live in a safe world- I owe her that." He didn't look at Hermione, but simply sat on the chair with his back to her, hugging his knees to his chest.

Hermione gasped at that. She understood what he was saying. Whoever this mystery girl was, she was lucky to have Harry feeling what he did for her. Harry loved her, plain and simple. She also felt a smidgen of jealousy- didn't she deserve to have such love? She had to look out for her friend, however.

"Is she a good person, Harry?"

He turned around and looked at her as if she had gone mad. "She is

the kindest, cleverest, most loyal, most stubborn and also the most loving person that I have ever met. I have never trusted anyone the way I have trusted her. The one time I didn't, I lost everything, including her," he added in a sorrowful undertone.

It was at the point where he said that Harry trusted this mystery girl the most that she realised who she was. And then she felt ashamed. _She_ had been pining after Ron, who did have a girlfriend. Then the other words percolated into her mind. And it made her want to cry again. Harry was evidently, still blaming himself for Sirius, still blaming himself for what had happened to her. She took the time to review the way she had behaved with him since the start of the term, and that explained why he felt that she hated him. At that moment, Hermione hated herself. She had once hoped that Harry would feel the way he did feel about her. And the reason behind the way he had gone after Cho was explained too. He was scared of losing her. And here, she had been treating him in the worst possible way. She felt like a depraved woman. But that left her with the question- did she love him? What about Ron?

The answer to the second question was rather evident. Ron, whatever he said or did, had a girlfriend- a girlfriend whom he was kissing with abandon. Why should (and would) he dictate her life? As for the first, it was not easy. She had taught herself to restrain her feelings, to recognise that Harry would never feel the way she did. She had decided that she would rather have him in her life as her friend, instead of having him reject her. She should have realised that Harry's poor interpersonal skills would mean that he would always be scared of stating what he thought or felt clearly, unless he was fighting.

What hurt worst however, was his acceptance that he would not survive Voldemort, and so would rather take him along- just so that she could live in safety. He had accepted what little she left of herself to him, even if it was anger and rejection-for that was all she had set aside for him since school started. And he had accepted that as the punishment he deserved for her being cursed. He had become some sort of a hero in a tragedy, where he had accepted that his lot in life was loss and loss alone. And Hermione Granger was never going to let that happen.

Just as Harry let his legs down to the floor to get up, she moved at the speed of light, and was straddling him and holding his face in her hands. She looked deeply into his eyes for a moment before just letting all thoughts go, and just kissed him. She panicked as he froze, but it soon turned to elation as he started responding softly. And in that moment Hermione realised that unless it was battle, Harry never takes charge.

End
file.